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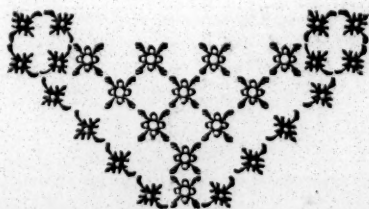
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DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

By JOHN SCOTT, Esq.

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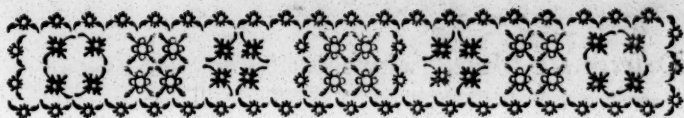
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A. M. W. E. L. L.

OF THE

1870



A M W E L L :

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

THERE dwells a fond desire in human minds,
When pleas'd, their pleasure to extend to those
Of kindred taste ; and thence th' enchanting arts
Of Picture and of Song, the semblance fair
Of Nature's forms produce. This fond desire 5
Prompts me to sing the lonely sylvan scenes
Of AMWELL ; which so oft in early youth,
While novelty enhanc'd their native charms,
Gave rapture to my soul ; and often, still,
On life's calm moments shed serener joy. 10

Def-

Descriptive Muse ! whose hand along the stream
 Of ancient *Thames*, thro' *Richmond's* shady groves,
 And *Sheen's* fair vallies, once thy *Thomson* led;
 And once o'er green *Carmarthen's* woody dales,
 And funny landscapes of *Campania's* plain, 15
 Thy other favour'd bard; thou, who so late,
 In bowers by *Clent's* wild peacks, to *Shenstone's* ear
 Didst bring sweet strains of rural melody—
 (Alas, no longer heard!)—Vouchsafe thine aid:
 From all our rich varieties of view, 20
 What best may please, assist me to select,
 With art dispose, with energy describe,
 And its full image on the mind express.

And ye, who e'er in these delightful fields
 Consum'd with me the social hour, while I 25

13. —*Thomson led,*] *Thomson*, Author of the *Seasons*, resided part of his life near *Richmond*.

16. *Thy other favour'd bard ;—*] *Dyer*, Author of *Grongar Hill* ; the *Ruins of Rome* ; and that excellent neglected poem, the *Fleece*.

17. —*Clent's wild peaks,—*] The *Clent-Hills* adjoin to *Hagley-park*, and are not far distant from the *Lea-fowes*.

Your

Your walk conducted o'er their loveliest spots,
 And on their fairest objects fix'd your sight ;
 Accept this verse, which may to memory call
 That social hour, and sweetly varied walk !

And Thou by strong connubial union mine, 30
 Mine by the stronger union of the heart ;
 In whom the loss of parents and of Friends,
 And *her*, the first fair partner of my joys,
 All recompens'd I find ; whose presence cheers
 The soft domestic scene ; *Maria*, come ! 35

The Country calls us forth ; blithe Summer's hand
 Sheds sweetest flowers, and Morning's brightest smile
 Illumines earth and air ; *Maria*, come !

By winding pathways thro' the waving corn,
 We reach the airy point that prospect yields, 40

Not vast and awful, but confin'd and fair ;
 Not the black mountain and the foamy main ;
 Not the throng'd city and the busy port ;
 But pleasant interchange of soft ascent,

And level plain, and growth of shady woods, 45
 And twining course of rivers clear, and sight

Of

Of rural towns and rural cots, whose roofs
Rise scattering round, and animate the whole.

Far tow'rd's the west, close under sheltering hills,
In verdant meads, by *Lee's* cerulean stream, 50
Hertford's grey towers ascend; the rude remains
Of high antiquity, from waste escap'd
Of envious Time, and violence of War.
For War there once, so tells th' historic page,
Led Desolation's steps: the hardy *Dane*, 55
By avarice lur'd o'er ocean's stormy wave,
To ravage *Albion's* plains, his favourite seat
There fix'd awhile; and there his castles rear'd
Among the trees; and there, beneath yon ridge
Of piny rocks, his conquering navy moor'd, 60
With idle sails furl'd on the yard, and oars
Recumbent on the flood, and streamers gay

51. *Hertford's grey towers*—] In the beginning of the Heptarchy, this town of Hertford was accounted one of the principal cities of the East Saxons, where the kings of that province often kept their courts, and a parliamentary council or national synod was held Sept. 24th, 673, *Chauncy's Hertfordshire*, p. 237.

Tri-

Triumphant fluttering on the passing winds.
 In fear, the shepherd on the lonely heath
 Tended his scanty flock; the ploughman turn'd, 65
 In fear, his hasty furrow: oft the din
 Of hostile arms alarm'd the ear, and flames
 Of plunder'd towns thro' night's thick gloom from far
 Gleam'd dismal on the sight: till *Alfred* came,
 Till *Alfred*, father of his people, came, 70
Lee's rapid tide into new channels turn'd,
 And left a-ground the *Danian* fleet, and forc'd
 The foe to speedy flight. Then Freedom's voice
 Reviv'd the drooping swain; then Plenty's hand
 Recloath'd the desert fields, and Peace and Love 75

73. *The foe to speedy flight.*—] Towards the latter end of the year 879, the Danes advanced to the borders of Mercia, and erected two forts at Hertford on the Lee, for the security of their ships, which they had brought up that river. Here they were attacked by the Londoners, who were repulsed: But Alfred advancing with his army, and viewing the nature of their situation, turned the course of the stream, so that their vessels were left on dry ground; a circumstance which terrified them to such a degree, that they abandoned their forts, and flying towards the Severn, were pursued by Alfred as far as Quatbridge. *Smollet's Hist. of England*, 8vo Edition, vol. i. p. 182.

Sat smiling by ; as now they smiling sit,
 Obvious to Fancy's eye, upon the side
 Of yon bright funny theatre of hills,
 Where *Bengeo's* villas rise, and *Ware-Park* lawns
 Spread their green surface, interspers'd with groves 80
 Of broad umbrageous oak and spiry pine,
 Tall elm, and linden pale, and blossom'd thorn
 Breathing mild fragrance, like the spicy gales
 Of *Indian* islands. On the ample brow,
 Where that white temple rears its pillar'd front 85
 Half hid with glossy foliage, many a chief
 Renown'd for martial deeds, and many a bard
 Renown'd for song, have pass'd the rural hour.
 The gentle *Fanshaw* there, from "noise of camps,

89. *The gentle Fanshaw.*—] Sir *Richard Fanshaw*,
 translator of Guarini's *Pastor Fido*, the *Lusiad* of Camoens,
 &c. He was son of Sir *Henry Fanshaw* of *Ware-Park*,
 and is said to have resided much there. He was ambaf-
 fador to Portugal and afterwards to Spain, and died at
 Madrid in 1666. His body was brought to England and
 interred in *Ware church*, where his monument is still ex-
 isting. In *Cibber's lives of the poets*, it is erroneously as-
 serted that he was buried in *All-Saints church Hertford*

“ From

" From courts disease retir'd," delighted view'd 90
 The gawdy garden fam'd in *Wotton's* page ;
 Or in the verdant maze, or cool arcade,
 Sat musing, and from smooth *Italian* strains
 The soft *Guarini's* amorous lore transfus'd
 Into rude *British* verse. The warrior's arm 95
 Now rests from toil ; the poet's tuneful tongue
 In silence lies ; frail man his lov'd domains
 Soon quits for ever ! they themselves, by course
 Of Nature often, or caprice of Art,
 Experience change : even here, 'tis said of old 100
 Steep rocky cliffs rose where yon gentle slopes
 Mix with the vale ; and fluctuating waves
 Spread wide, where that rich vale with golden flowers
 Shines ; and where yonder winding chrystal rill
 Slides thro' its smooth shorn margin, to the brink 105

90. The words marked with inverted commas are part of a stanza of Fanshaw's.

91.—*Wotton's page* ;] See Reliquiæ Wottonianæ, where the author makes a particular mention of the garden of Sir Henry Fanshaw at Ware-Park, " as a delicate and diligent curiosity," remarkable for the nice arrangement of its flowers.

Of *Chadwell's* azure pool. From *Chadwell's* pool
 To *London's* plains, the *Cambrian* artist brought
 His ample aqueduct; suppos'd a work
 Of matchless skill, by those who ne'er had heard
 How, from *Preneſte's* heights and *Anio's* banks, 110
 By *Tivoli*, to *Rome's* imperial walls,
 On marble arches came the limpid ſtore,
 And out of jasper rocks in bright cascades
 With never ceasing murmur guſh'd; or how,
 To *Lufitanian Ulyſſippo's* towers, 115
 The ſilver current o'er *Alcant'ra's* vale
 Roll'd high in air, as ancient poets feign'd
Eridanus to roll thro' Heaven: to theſe
 Not ſordid lucre, but the honeſt wiſh
 Of future fame, or care for public weal, 120
 Exiſtence gave; and unconfin'd as dew
 Falls from the hand of Evening on the fields,
 They flow'd for all. Our mercenary ſtream

108. *His ample aqueduct*;—] The New River brought from Chadwell, a ſpring in the meadows between Hertford and Ware, by Sir *Hugh Middleton*, a native of Wales.

115.—*Ulyſſippo's towers*,] The ancient name of Liſbon.

No grandeur boasting, here obscurely glides 125
 O'er grassy lawns or under willow shades ;
 As, thro' the human form, arterial tubes
 Branch'd every way, minute and more minute,
 The circulating sanguine fluid extend ;
 So, pipes innumerable, to peopled streets 130
 Transmit the purchas'd wave. Old *Lee*, meanwhile,
 Beneath his mossy grot o'er-hung with boughs
 Of poplar quivering in the breeze, surveys
 With eye indignant his diminish'd tide
 That laves yon antient priory's wall, and shows 135
 In its clear mirrour *Ware's* inverted roofs.

Ware once was known to Fame ; to her fair fields
 Whilom the Gothick tournament's proud pomp

134. *With eye indignant his diminish'd tide*] A considerable part of the new river water is derived from the *Lee*, to the disadvantage of the navigation on that stream.

135. *That laves yon antient priory's wall,—*] “ About
 “ the 18th of Henry the III. Margaret Countess of Leicester, and lady of the manor, founded a priory for
 “ friers in the north part of this town of Ware, and dedicated the same to St. Francis.” *Chauncy's Hertfordshire*.

Brought

Brought *Albion's* valiant youth and blooming maids :
 Pleas'd with ideas of the past, the Muse 140
 Bids Fancy's pencil paint the scene, where they
 In gilded barges on the glassy stream
 Circled the reedy isles, the sportive dance
 Along the smooth lawn led, or in the groves
 Wander'd conversing, or reclin'd at ease 145
 To harmony of lutes and voices sweet
 Resign'd the enchanted ear ; till sudden heard
 The silver trumpet's animating sound
 Summon'd the champions forth ; on stately steeds
 In splendid armour clad, the ponderous lance 150
 With strenuous hand sustaining, forth they came.
 Where gay pavilions rose upon the plain,
 Or azure awnings stretch'd from tree to tree
 Mix'd with thick foliage, form'd a mimic sky
 Of grateful shade ; (as oft in *Agra's* streets 155
 The silken canopy from side to side
 Extends to break the sun's impetuous ray,
 While monarchs pass beneath ;) there sat the Fair,
 A glittering train on costly carpets rang'd,
 A group of beauties all in youthful prime, 160
 Of

Of various feature and of various grace !
 The pensive languish, and the sprightly air,
 The engaging smile, and all the nameless charms
 Which transient hope, or fear, or grief, or joy,
 Wak'd in th' expressive eye, th' enamour'd heart 165
 Of each young hero rous'd to daring deeds.
 Nor this aught strange, that those whom love inspir'd
 Prov'd ev'ry means the lovely Sex to please ;
 This strange, indeed, how custom thus could teach
 The tender breast complacence in the fight 170
 Of barb'rous sport, where friend from hand of friend
 The fatal wound full oft receiv'd, and fell
 A victim to false glory ; as that day
 Fell gallant *Pembroke*, while his pompous show
 Ended in silent gloom. One pitying tear 175
 To human frailty paid ; my roving fight

Pur-

175. *Ended in silent gloom.*—] “ In the 25th of Henry
 “ III. on the 27th of June, Gilbert Marshall Earl of
 “ Pembroke, a potent Peer of the Realm, proclaimed here
 “ [at Ware] a disport of running on horseback with lances,
 “ which was then called a tournament.” *Chauncy's Hist.*
of Hertfordshire.

“ At

Pursues its pleasing course o'er neighb'ring hills;
 Where frequent hedge-rows intersect rich fields
 Of many a different form and different hue,
 Bright with ripe corn, or green with grass, or dark 180
 With clover's purple bloom ; o'er *Widbury's* mount
 With that fair crescent crown'd of lofty elms,
 Its own peculiar boast ; and o'er the woods
 That round immure the deep sequester'd dale
 Of *Langley*, down whose flow'r-embroider'd meads
 Swift *Aj* thro' pebbly shores meandering rolls. 186
 Elysian scenes ! as from the living world

“ At this tournament, the said Gilbert was slain by a
 “ fall from his horse ; Robert de Say, one of his knights
 “ was killed, and several others wounded.” *Smollet's*
Hist. of England.

185. *Of Langley*,—] This delightful retreat, commonly
 called *Langley-Bottom*, is situated about half a mile from
 Ware, and the same distance from Amwell. The scene is
 adapted to contemplation ; and possesses such capabilities
 of improvement, that the genius of a Shenstone might easily
 convert it to a second *Leasowes*. The transition from
 this solitude to *Widbury-Hill*, is made in a walk of a few
 minutes, and the prospect from that hill in a fine evening is
 beautiful beyond description.

Secluded

Secluded quite ; for of that world, to him
 Whose wanderings trace thy winding length, appear
 No mark, save one white solitary spire 190
 At distance rising thro' the tufted trees—
 Elysian scene ! recluse as that, so fam'd
 For solitude, by *Warwick's* antient walls,
 Where under umbrage of the mossy cliff
 Victorious *Guy*, so legends say, reclin'd 195
 His hoary head beside the silver stream,
 In meditation rapt——Elysian scene !
 At evening often, while the setting sun
 On the green summit of thy eastern groves 200
 Pour'd full his yellow radiance ; while the voice
 Of *Zephyr* whispering midst the rustling leaves,
 The sound of water murmuring thro' the sedge,
 The turtle's plaintive call, and music soft
 Of distant bells, whose ever varying notes, 205
 In slow sad measure mov'd, combin'd to sooth
 The soul to sweet solemnity of thought ;
 Beneath thy branchy bowers of thickest gloom,
 Much on the imperfect state of Man I have mus'd :
 How Pain o'er half his hours her iron reign 210

Ruthless extends ; how Pleasure from the path
 Of Innocence allures his steps ; how Hope
 Fixes his eye on future joy, that flies
 His fond pursuit ; how Fear his shuddering heart
 Alarms with fancy'd ill ; how Doubt and Care 215
 Perplex his thought ; how soon the tender rose
 Of Beauty fades, the sturdy oak of Strength
 Declines on earth, and over all our pride
 Stern Time triumphant stands : from general fate
 To private woes then oft has memory pass'd 220
 And mourn'd the loss of many a friend lov'd ;
 Of thee, *De Horne*, kind, generous, wise and good !
 And thee, my *Turner*, who in vacant youth,
 Here oft in converse free, or studious search
 Of classic lore, accompanied my walk ! 225
 From *Ware's* green bowers, to *Devon's* myrtle vales,
 Remov'd a while, with prospect opening fair
 Of useful life and honour in his view ;
 As falls the vernal bloom before the breath
 Of blasting *Eurus*, immature he fell ! 230
 The tidings reach'd my ear, and in my breast,
 Aching

Aching with recent wounds, new anguish wak'd.
 When melancholy thus has chang'd to grief,
 That grief in soft forgetfulness to lose,
 I have left the gloom for gayer scenes, and fought 235
 Thro' winding paths of venerable shade,
 The airy brow where that tall spreading beech
 O'er-tops surrounding groves, up rocky steeps,
 Tree over tree dispos'd ; or stretching far
 Their shadowy coverts down th' indented side 240
 Of fair corn fields ; or pierc'd with sunny glades,
 That yield the casual glimpse of flowery meads
 And shining silver rills ; on these the eye
 Then wont to expatiate pleas'd ; or more remote
 Survey'd yon vale of *Lee*, in verdant length 245
 Of level lawn spread out to *Kent's* blue hills,
 And the proud range of glitt'ring spires that rise
 In misty air on *Thames's* crouded shores.

How beautiful, how various is the view
 Of these sweet pastoral landscapes ! fair, perhaps, 250
 As those renown'd of old, from *Tabor's* height,
 Or *Carmel* seen ; or those, the pride of *Greece*,

Tempe or *Arcady* ; or those that grac'd
 The banks of clear *Elorus*, or the skirts 255
 Of thymy *Hybla*, where *Sicilia's* isle
 Smiles on the azure main ; there once was heard
 'The Muse's lofty lay.—How beautiful,
 How various is yon view ! delicious hills
 Bounding smooth vales, smooth vales by winding streams
 Divided, that here glide thro' grassy banks 260
 In open sun, there wander under shade
 Of aspen tall, or antient elm, whose boughs
 O'erhang grey castles, and romantic farms,
 And humble cots of happy shepherd swains ; 265
 Delightful habitations ! with the song
 Of birds melodious charm'd, and bleat of flocks
 From upland pastures heard, and low of kine
 Grazing the rushy mead, and mingled sounds
 Of falling waters and of whisp'ring winds ; 270
 Delightful habitations ! o'er the land
 Dispers'd around, from *Waltham's* osier'd isles
 To where bleak *Nasim's* lonely tower o'erlooks
 Her verdant fields ; from *Raydon's* pleasant groves
 And *Hunsdon's* bowers on *Stort's* irriguous marge, 275
 By

By *Rhye's* old walls, to *Hodsdon's* airy street ;
 From *Holy's* woodland to the flowery meads
 Of willow-shadeed *Stansted*, and the slope
 Of *Amwell's* Mount that crown'd with yellow corn
 There from the green flat, softly swelling, shows 280
 Like some bright vernal cloud by Zephyr's breath
 Just rais'd above the horizon's azure bound.

As one long travell'd on *Italia's* plains,
 The land of pomp and beauty, still his feet
 On his own *Albion* joys to fix again ; 285
 So my pleas'd eye, which o'er the prospect wide
 Has wander'd round, and various objects mark'd
 On *Amwell* rests at last, its favourite scene !
 How picturesque the view ! where up the side
 Of that steep bank, her roofs of russet thatch 290
 Rise mix'd with trees, above those swelling tops
 Ascends the tall church tow'r, and loftier still
 The hill's extended ridge : how picturesque !
 Where flow beneath that bank the silver stream
 Glides by the flowery isle, and willow groves 295
 Wave on its northern verge, with trembling tufts

Of

Of osier intermix'd. How picturesque
 The slender group of airy elm, the clump
 Of pollard oak, or ash, with ivy brown
 Entwin'd; the walnut's gloomy breadth of boughs,
 The orchard's antient fence of rugged pales, 300
 The hay-stack's dusky cone, the moss-grown shed,
 The clay-built barn; the elder-shaded cot,
 Whose white-wash'd gable prominent thro' green
 Of waving branches shows, perchance inscrib'd 305
 With some past owner's name, or rudely grac'd
 With rustic dial, that scarce serves to mark
 Time's ceaseless flight; the walls with mantling vine^s
 O'erspread, the porch with climbing woodbine wreath'd,
 And under sheltering eaves the sunny bench 310
 Where brown hives range, whose busy tenants fill,
 With drowsy hum, the little garden gay,
 Whence blooming beans, and spicy herbs, and flowers,
 Exhale around a rich perfume! Here rests
 The empty wain; there idle lies the plough: 315
 By Summer's hand unharnes'd, here the steed
 Short ease enjoying, crops the daisied lawn;
 Here bleats the nursing lamb, the heifer there

Waits at the yard-gate lowing. By the road
 Where the neat ale-house stands (so once stood thine,
 Deserted *Auburn* ! in immortal song 321
 Consign'd to Fame) the cottage fire recounts
 The praise he earn'd, when cross the field he drew
 The straightest furrow, neatest built the rick,
 Or led the reaper band in sultry noons 325
 With unabating strength, or won the prize
 At many a crowded wake. Beside her door,
 The cottage matron whirls her circling wheel,
 And jocund chants her lay : the cottage maid
 Feeds from her loaded lap her mingled train 330
 Of clamorous hungry fowls ; or o'er the stile
 Leaning with downcast look, the artless tale
 Of evening courtship hears : the sportive troop
 Of cottage children on the grassy waste
 Mix in rude gambols, or the bounding ball 335
 Circle from hand to hand, or rustic notes
 Wake on their pipes of jointed reed : while near

322. *Consign'd to Fame* ;—] See the *Deserted Village*,
 a beautiful poem, by the late Dr. Goldsmith.

The

The careful shepherd's frequent falling strokes
Fix on the fallow lea his hundred fold.

Such rural life ! so calm, it little yields 340
Of interesting act, to swell the page
Of history or song ; yet much the soul
Its sweet simplicity delights, and oft
From noise of busy towns, to fields and groves,
The Muse's sons have fled to find repose. 345
Fam'd *Walton*, erst, the ingenious fisher swain,
Oft our fair haunts explor'd ; upon *Lee's* shore,
Beneath some green tree oft his angle laid,
His sport suspending to admire their charms.
He, who in verse his country's story told, 350

Here

346. *Fam'd Walton*.—] *Isaac Walton*, author of the *Complete Angler*, an ingenious biographer, and no despicable poet. The scene of his *Anglers Dialogues*, is the Vale of *Lee*, between *Tottenham* and *Ware*; it seems to have been a place he much frequented : he particularly mentions *Amwell-hill*.

350. *He, who in verse his country's story told*.] *William Warner*, author of *Albion's England*, an Historical poem ;
an

Here dwelt a while ; perchance here sketch'd the scene
Where his fair *Argentile*, from crowded courts

For

an episode of which, intitled *Argentile and Curan*, has been frequently re-printed, and is much admired by the lovers of old English poetry. The ingenious Dr *Percy*, who has inserted this piece in his *Collection*, observes, that “ though Warner’s name is so seldom mentioned, his contemporaries ranked him on a level with Spenser, and called him the Homer and Virgil of their age ;” that “ Warner was said to have been a Warwickshire man, and to have been educated at Magdalen Hall ; that, in the latter part of his life, he was retained in the service of Henry Cary, Lord Hunsdon, to whom he dedicates his poem ; but that more of his history is not known.” Mrs. *Cooper*, in her *Muses Library*, after highly applauding his poetry, adds, “ What were the circumstances and accidents of his life, we have hardly light enough to conjecture ; any more than, by his dedication, it appears he was in the service of the Lord Hunsdon, and acknowledges very gratefully both father and son for his patrons and benefactors.”—By the following extract from the *Parish Register* of Amwell, it may be reasonably concluded, that Warner resided for some time at that village and as his profession of an attorney is particularly mentioned, it is pretty evident, that, whatever dependance he might have on Lord Hunsdon, it could not be in the capacity of a

D

menial

For pride self-banish'd, in sequester'd shade
 Sojourn'd disguis'd, and met the flighted youth
 Who long had fought her love.—The gentle bard 355
 Sleeps here, by fame forgotten ; fickle Fame
 Too oft forgets her favourites ! By his side
 Sleeps gentle *Hassal*, who with tenderest care

Here

menial servant. Though Warner's merit, is a poet, may have been too highly rated, it was really not inconsiderable ; his *Argentile* and *Curan* has many beauties ; but it has also the faults common to the compositions of his age, especially a most disgusting indelicacy of sentiment and expression.

“ Ma. William Warner, a man of good yeares and honest reputation, by his profession an Attorney at the Common Please, Author of Albion's England ; dying suddenly in the night in his bedde, without any former complaynt or sicknesse, on Thursday night beeing the 9th of March, was buried the Saturday following, and lieth in the church at the upper end, under the stone of Gwalter Fader.”

Parish Register of Amwell, 1608-9.

358. *Sleeps gentle Hassal*,—] *Thomas Hassal*, vicar of Amwell ; he kept the above mentioned Parish Register with uncommon care and precision, enriching it with many entertaining

Here watch'd his village charge ; in nuptial bonds
 Their hands oft join'd, oft heard, and oft reliev'd 360
 Their little wants ; oft heard and oft compos'd,
 Sole arbiter, their little broils ; oft urg'd

taining anecdotes of the parties registered. He performed his duty in the most hazardous circumstances, it appearing that the plague twice raged in the village during his residence there ; in 1603 when 26 persons, and in 1625 when 22 persons died of it, and were buried in his church-yard. The character here given of him, must be allowed, strictly speaking, to be imaginary ; but his composition in the said register appeared to me to breathe such a spirit of piety, simplicity, and benevolence, that I almost think myself authorised to assert that it was his real one. He himself is registered by his son Edmund Hassal, as follows :

“ Thomas Hassal, Vicar of this parish, where he had
 “ continued resident 57 years 7 months and 16 days, in
 “ the reigns of Queen Elizabeth, King James, and King
 “ Charles, departed his life September 24th, Thursday,
 “ and was buried September 26th, Saturday. His body
 “ was laid in the chancel of this church under the priests or
 “ marble stone. Ætatis 84. Non erat ante, nec erit
 “ post te similis. *Edmund Hassal.*” *Register of Amwell*
 1657.

Elisabeth Hassal, wife of the said Thomas Hassal, died about the same time, aged 78 years 8 months, married 46 years and 4 months.

Their flight from Folly and from Vice : and oft
 Dropt on their graves the tear, to early worth
 Or antient friendship, due : in dangerous days, 365
 When Death's fell Fury, pale-eyed Pestilence,
 Glar'd horror round, his duty still discharg'd
 Unterrified, unhurt ; and here, at length,
 Clos'd his calm inoffensive useful life
 In venerable age : her life with him 370
 His faithful consort clos'd ; on earth's cold breast
 Both sunk to rest together.—On the turf,
 Whence Time's rude grasp has torn their rustick tombs,
 I strew fresh flowers, and make a moment's pause
 Of solemn thought ; then seek th' adjacent spot, 375
 From which, thro' these broad lindens' verdant arch,
 The steeple's Gothic wall and window dim
 In perspective appear ; then homeward turn
 By where the Muse, enamour'd of our shades,
 Deigns still her favouring presence ; where my friend,
 The *British Tasso*, oft from busy scenes 381
 To rural calm and letter'd ease retires.

381. *The British Tasso*,—] Mr. Hoole, translator of
 Tasso's *Jerusalem Delivered*.

As

As some fond Lover leaves his favourite nymph,
 Oft looking back, and lingering in her view,
 So now reluctant this retreat I leave, 385
 Look after look indulging; on the right,
 Up to yon airy battlements' broad top
 Half veil'd with trees, that, from th' acclivious steep,
 Jut like the pendant gardens, fam'd of old,
 Beside *Euphrates'* bank; then, on the left, 390
 Down to those shaded cots, and bright expanse
 Of water softly sliding by: once, where
 That bright expanse of water softly slides,
 O'erhung with shrubs that fring'd the chalky rock,
 A little fount forth pour'd its gurgling rill, 395
 In flinty channel trickling o'er the green,
 From *Emma* nam'd; perhaps some fainted maid,
 For holy life rever'd; to such, e'erwhile,
 Fond Superstition many a pleasant grove,
 And limpid spring, was wont to consecrate. 400
 Of *Emma's* story nought Tradition speaks;
 Conjecture, who, behind Oblivion's veil,
 Along the doubtful past delights to stray,
 Boasts now, indeed, that from her well the place

Receiv'd

Receiv'd its appellation.—Thou sweet Vill, 405
 Farewell! and ye sweet fields, where plenty's horn
 Pours liberal boons, and Health propitious deigns
 Her chearful smile! you not the parching air
 Of arid sands, you not the vapours chill
 Of humid fens annoy; *Favonius'* wing, 410
 From off your thyme-banks and your trefoil meads
 Wafts balmy redolence; robust and gay,
 Your swains industrious issue to their toil,
 Till your rich glebe, or in your granaries store
 Its generous produce: annual ye refound 415
 The ploughman's song, as he thro' reeking soil
 Guides slow his shining share; ye annual hear
 The shouts of harvest, and the prattling train
 Of chearful gleaners:—and th' alternate strokes
 Of loud flails echoing from your loaded barns, 420

405. *Receiv'd its appellation.*—] In Doomsday-book, this village of Amwell is written Emmevelle, perhaps originally Emma's well. When the New River was opened, there was a spring here which was taken into that aqueduct. Chadwell, the other source of that River, evidently received its denomination from a tutelar Saint, St. Chad, who seems to have given name to springs and wells in different parts of England.

The

The pallid Morn in dark *November* wake.
 But, happy as ye are, in marks of wealth
 And population ; not for these, or aught
 Beside, with I in hyperbolic strains
 Of vain applause to elevate your frame 425
 Above all other scenes ; for scenes as fair
 Have charm'd my sight, but transient was the view :
 You, thro' all seasons, in each varied hour
 For observation happiest, oft my steps
 Have travers'd o'er ; oft Fancy's eye has seen 430
 Gay spring triplightly on your lovely lawns,
 To wake fresh flowers at morn ; and Summer spread
 His listless limbs, at noontide, on the marge
 Of smooth translucent pools, where willows green
 Gave shade, and breezes from the wild mint's bloom
 Brought odour exquisite ; oft Fancy's ear, 436
 Deep in the gloom of evening woods, has heard
 The last sad sigh of Autumn, when his throne
 To winter he resign'd ; oft Fancy's thought,
 In extasy, where from the golden east,
 Or dazzling south, or crimson west, the sun 440
 A different lustre o'er the landscape threw,
 Some

Some Paradise has form'd, the blissful seat
 Of Innocence and Beauty ! while I wish'd
 The skill of *Claude*, or *Rubens*, or of *Him*, 445
 Whom now on *Lavant's* banks, in groves that breathe
 Enthusiasm sublime, the sister Nymphs
 Inspire ; that, to the idea fair, my hand
 Might permanence have lent !—Attachment strong
 Springs from delight bestow'd ; to me delight 450
 Long ye have given, and I have given you praise !

448. *Inspire* ;—] Mr. *George Smith* of *Chichester*, a just-
 ly celebrated Landscape Painter, and also a poet. *Lavant*
 is the name of the river at *Chichester*, which city gave birth
 to the sublime *Collins*.

447.—*Sister Nymphs*] Painting and Poetry.

F I N I S.

